



DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO EAT.

By John C. Cross. Air: Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

This melancholy scene happened but a few months ago :
A Vet'ran was returning home, wounded in the stomach
by a codfish-ball : being met at the door by his mother,
she exclaimed for joy : Dear son, come home for good !
When the Vet'ran, with tears of hunger rolling down his
check, replied : Dear Mother, I've come home to eat!..

Dear Mother, I remember well

The food we get from Uncle Sam :
Hard tack, salt junk, and rusty pork,
Sometimes a scanty piece of ham.

When I a furlough did receive,
I bade adieu to Brother Pete—

Oh ! Mother, for a plate of hash..

Dear Mother, I've come home to eat !

Chorus : Oh ! for an hour at Meschutt's,
I oft have dream't, when fast asleep !—
Stay, waiter, codfish-balls for me..

Dear Mother, I've come home to eat !

When lying stretched out in my tent,

Wounded with a codfish-ball,

I often heard the bugle sound,

And thought it was the dinner-call ;

Then visions of the past came back,

Of Boston-chowder and Pig's-feet..

O Mother dear ! don't weep for me :

Dear Mother, I've come home to eat !

Chorus.

I'm now content, no more I'll fight,

Except it is a beef-steak rare ;

The army is no place for me..

And shoddy isn't fit to wear..

Oh ! for some Quail from Jersey's woods,

And Partridges with fixins neat..

Dear Mother, that's my bill-of-fare..

Dear Mother, I've come home to eat !

Chorus.

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